

one giant factory, whose roof tree is all out-doors? Is it not remarkable that the ideas of M. St. John still have an abiding place in the minds of some "SLAVES OF THE FARM," and would it not be equally strange were not many turning to Socialism for relief, as indeed we know they are, my dear E.?

There is still, however, the professional apologist, who will rush into the breach with master class political economy, exclaiming: "But mortgages are placed upon land, not upon people," to which the retort is obvious. Will any company advance mortgages on uninhabited land. Were there any mortgages in the West before the country was settled? Nay! So sure are the mortgage companies that the plaster IS on the slave, that if he fails to come through with the interest and principal, he loses his farm, or in plain English, they fire him off and look around for another victim.

The Socialist's position is unassailable. There can be no value without labor, no interest, no rent, no profit, for all these are but the same thing—unpaid labor. The sweat and skill of thousands of slaves, living as we see them in the West, on the verge of destitution, while the capitalist class fatten upon them, revelling in luxury and ease.

Rent, interest and profit, spell for the "SLAVE OF THE FARM" robbery, insolvency, and pillage, with which unholy trinity, freedom and happiness are total strangers.